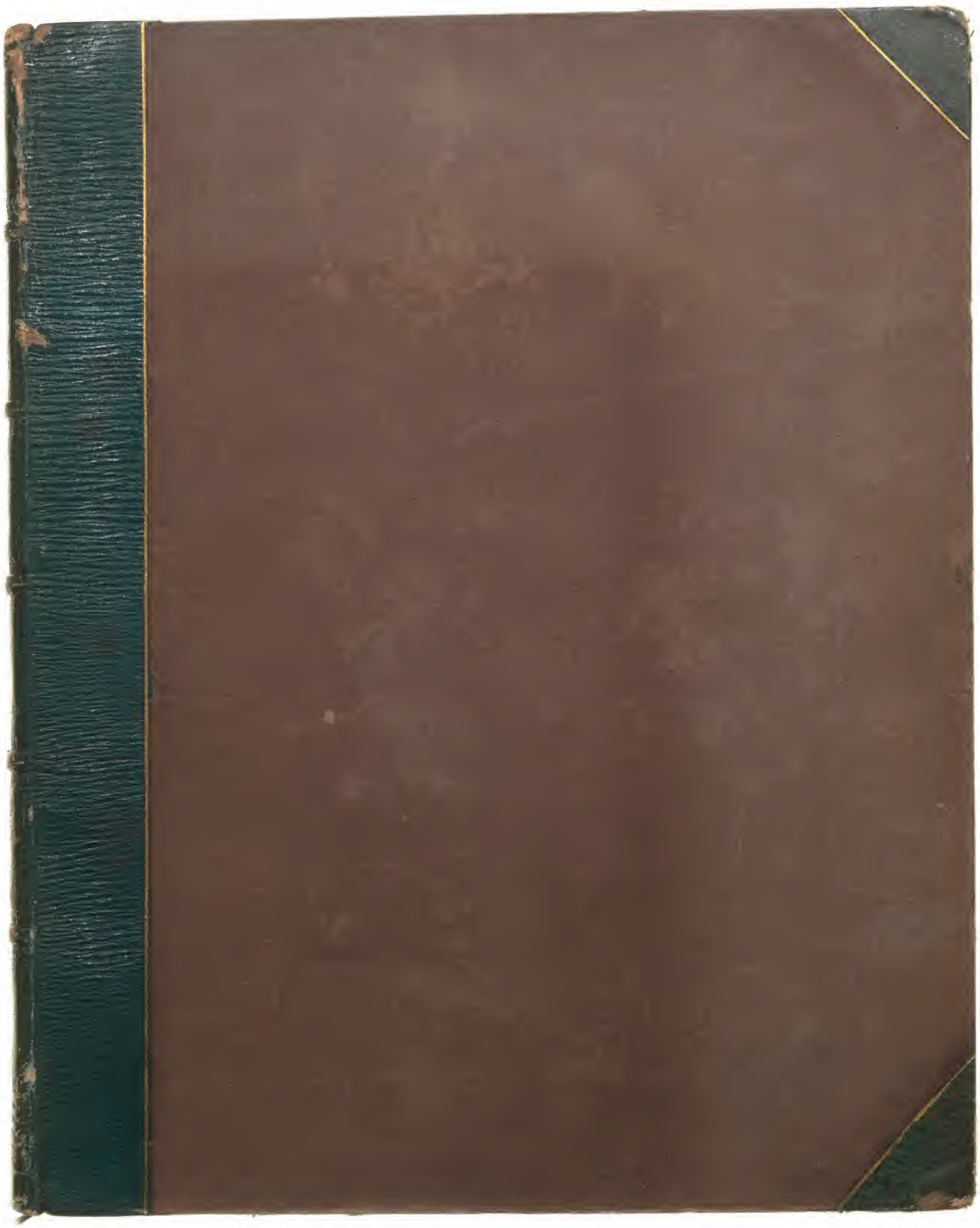

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Sab

Johannes Patricius
Crichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.

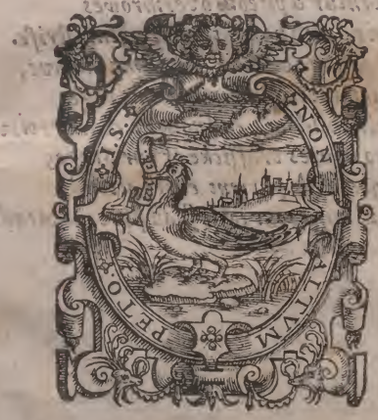
Fifth Edition

THE MOST EXCELLENT And Lamentable Tragedie of ROMEO and JULIET.

As it hath been ſundry times publikely Acted by the KINGS Majeſties Servants at the GLOBE.

Written by *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

Newly corrected, augmented, and amended.



LONDON,
Printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Church-yard in Fleetſtreet, under the Dyall. 1637.

Fifth Edition. Corrected. Notes by George Steevens Esq.

The Prologue.

CHORUS.

Two houſholds both alike in dignity,
(In faire Verona, *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge breake to new mutiny,
Where civill blood makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loines of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers take their life,
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrowes
Doth with their death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end nought could remove,
Is now the two houres trafficke of our Stage;
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtrive to mend.

THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LAMENTABLE Hiſtorie of ROMEO and JULIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie *with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of* Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word wee'll not carrie coales.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliers.

Samp. I meane, and we be in choler wee'll draw.

Greg. I, while you live draw your necke out of the collar.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moved.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* moves me.

Greg. To move is to ſtirre, and to be valiant is to ſtand, Therefore if thou art moved thou runn'ſt away.

Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand. I will take the wall of any man or maide of *Mountagues*.

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlave, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Samp. 'Tis true, and therefore women being the weaker veſſels are ever thruſt to the wall: therefore I will puſh *Mountagues* men from the wall, and thruſt his maides to the wall.

Greg. The quarrell is between our Maſters and us their men.

Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a Tyrant, when I have fought with the men I will be cruell with the maids, I will cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids!

Samp. I, the heads of the maides, or their maiden-heads, take it in what sense thou wilt.

Greg. They must take it in sense that feele it.

Samp. Mee they shall feele while I am able to stand; and 'tis knowne I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore John: draw thy toole, here comes of the house of *Mountagues*.

Enter two other Servingmen.

Samp. My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will backe thee.

Greg. How, turne thy backe and runne?

Samp. Feare me not.

Greg. No marrie, I feare thee!

Samp. Let us take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

Samp. Nay as they dare: I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumb at us sir?

Samp. I doe bite my thumb sir.

Abra. Doe you bite your thumbe at us sir?

Samp. Is the law on our side if I say I?

Greg. No.

Samp. No sir, I doe not bite my thumbe at you sir, but I bite my thumbe sir.

Greg. Doe you quarrell sir?

Abra. Quarrell sir, no sir.

Samp. But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serve as good a man as you.

Abra. No better.

Samp. Well sir. *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say better, here comes one of my Masters kinsmen.

Samp. Yes better sir.

Abra. You lie.

Samp. Draw if you be men, *Gregory* remember thy swashing blow. *They fight.*

Ben. Part fooles, put up your swords, you know not what you doe.

Enter

Enter Tibalt.

Tibalt. What? art thou drawne among these heart lesse hindes?
Turne thee *Benvolio*, looke upon thy death.

Ben. I doe but keepe the peace, put up thy sword,
Or mannage it to part these men with me.

Tib. What drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee:
Have at thee Coward.

Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partisans.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partisans, strike, beat them downe
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues*.

Enter old Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

Cap. What noise is this? give me my long sword hoe.

Wife. A crutch, a crutch, why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

Enter old Mountague *and his Wife.*

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet*: hold me not, let me goe.

M. Wife 2. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seeke a foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, *with his traine.*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steele.
Will they not heare? what hoe, you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines,
On paine of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moved Prince.
Three civill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to part your cancred hate:
If ever you disturb our streets againe,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-Towne, our common judgement place.
Once more on paine of death all men depart.

Exeunt.

Mount. Who ſet this ancient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew, were you by when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach;
I drew to part them, in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt* with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall, hiſs'd him in ſcorne:
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came, who parted either part.
Wife. O where is *Romeo*, ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an houre before the worſhipt ſunne
Peerd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled minde drave me to walke abroad,
Where underneath the grove of Sycamore
That Weſtward rooteth from this City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your Sonne:
Tow'rds him I made; but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mount. Many a morning hath he there been ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighes,

But

But all ſo ſoone as the all cheering Sunne
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie curtaines from *Aurora's* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heavie ſonne,
And private in his chamber pens himſelfe,
Shuts up his windowes, lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night.
Blacke and portendous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble unkle doe you know the cauſe?
Moun. I neither know it, nor can learne of him.
Ben. Have you importun'd him by any meanes?
Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many other friends,
But he his owne affections Counſellor
Is to himſelfe (I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame:
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See where he comes; ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
'Ile know his grievance or be much deni'd.
Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift: Come Madam lets away.

Exeunt.

Benvol. Good morrow Couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.
Rom. Ay me, ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſſe lengthens *Romeos* houres?
Rom. Not having that, which having makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.
Ben. Of love?

Rom.

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.
Ben. Alas that love ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe!
Rom. Alas that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee pathwayes to his will!
Where ſhall we dine? O me, what fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all:
Here's much to doe with hate, but more with love:
Why then O brawling love, O loving hate,
O any thing of nothing firſt created,
O heavie lightneſſe, ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of well ſeeming formes,
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe, that is not what it is.
This love feele I, that feele no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No Coze, I rather weepe.
Rom. Good heart at what?
Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſſion.
Rom. Why ſuch is loves tranſgreſſion.
Griefes of my owne lye heavie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth adde more griefe to too much of mine owne.
Love is a ſmoke made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſht with loving teares:
What is it elſe? a madneſſe moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewell my Coze.
Ben. Soft, I will goe along,
And if you leave me ſo you doe me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt my ſelfe, I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*, hee's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe, who is that you love?
Rom. What? ſhall I groane and tell thee?
Ben. Grone, why no, but ſadly tell me who.

Rom.

Rom. Bid a ſicke man in ſadneſſe make his will:
A word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe couſin I doe love a woman.
Ben. I aym'd ſo neare when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marke-man: and ſhee's faire I love.
Ben. A right faire marke, faire Coze, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit you miſſe; ſhee'll not be hit
With *Cupids* arrow, ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtity well arm'd,
From loves weake childiſh bow ſhee lives uncharm'd:
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving tearmes,
Nor bide th' incounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to Saint ſeducing gold:
O ſhe is rich in beauty, onely poore,
That when ſhe dyes, with beauty dyes her ſtore.
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne that ſhe will ſtill live chaſt.
Rom. Shee hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſt,
For beauty ſterv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
Shee is too faire, too wiſe, wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me deſpaire:
She hath forſworne to love, and in that vow,
Doe I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to thinke of her.
Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke
Ben. By giving libertie unto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way to call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more:
Theſe happy Maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke, put us in minde they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrucken blinde cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a Miſtris that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire?
Farewell, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. 'Ile pay that doctrine, or elſe dye in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne*.

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods so long,
But now my Lord what say you to my suite?
Cap. But saying o're what I have said before:
My childe is yet a stranger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soone mar'd are those so early made:
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part:
And she agree, within her scope of choice
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe lusty young men feele,
When well apparel'd *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe sirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his Last, the fisher with his pensill, and the painter with his nets. But I am sent to finde those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.
One paine is lessned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One desperate griefe cures with anothers languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Goddengood fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?
Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my misery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest ye merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *and his wife & daughters; County* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters; the Lady widdow of* Utruvio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lovely Neeces*; Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my faire Niece* Rosaline, Livia; *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his cousin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A faire assembly, whither should they come?

Ser.

Ser. Up.
Rom. Whither? to ſupper?
Ser. To our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My Maſters.
Rom. Indéed I ſhould have askt you that before.
Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking: My Maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, & if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry.
Ben. At this ſame ancient feaſt of *Capulets*,
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loveſt,
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*:
Goe thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhew,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.
Rom. When the devout Religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fire,
And theſe who often drown'd could never dye,
Tranſparent Heretickes be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne're ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut, you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe pois'd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chryſtall ſcales let there be waigh'd,
Your Ladies love againſt ſome other maide
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſhewes beſt.
Ro. Ile goe along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to mee.
Nurſe. *Now by my maiden-head at twelve yeeres old I had her: come, what Lamb, what Lady-bird, God forbid: Where's this Girle? what* Juliet. *Enter* Juliet.
Juli. How now? who calls?
Nurſe. *Your Mother.*
Juli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife.

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe give leave a while, we muſt talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I have remembred me, thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou know'ſt my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age unto an houre.*
Wife. Shee's not foureteene.
Nurſe. *'Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to my teene be it ſpoken, I have but foure, ſhee's not foureteene. How long is it now to* Lammas tide?
Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.
Nurſe. *Even or odd, of all daies in the yeer come* Lammas *Eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen.* Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well,* Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But, as I ſaid, on* Lammas *Eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, then ſhall ſhee marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earthquake now eleven yeeres; and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall forget it, of all the dayes in the yeere upon that day: for I had then laid wormewood to my dug, ſitting in the ſun under the Dove-houſe wall: my Lord and you were then at* Mantua, *nay I doe beare a braine. But, as I ſaid, when it did taſte the wormewood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty foole to ſee it teachie, and fall out with the dug: Shake quoth the dove-houſe, 'twas no need I trow to bid me trudge: and ſince that time it is eleven yeeres, for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay by th' rood ſhee could have run and wadled all about: for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, God be with his ſoule, a was a merry man, took up the child, yea, quoth he, doeſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not* Jule? *and by my holidam the pretty wretch left crying and ſaid, I: to ſee now how a jeſt ſhall come about. I warrant and I ſhall live a thouſand yeeres, I never ſhould forget it: wilt thou not* Jule, *quoth he? and pretty foole it ſtinted and ſaid, I.*
Old La. Enough of this, I pray thee hold thy peace.
Nurſe. *Yes Madam, yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leave crying and ſay, I, & yet I warrant it had on it brow a bump as big as a young cockrels ſtone, a perillous knock & it cried bitterly: yea, quoth my husband, falſt upon thy face, thou wilt fall*

 back-

The Edition 1597. differs whole ſentence from all the Copyes, ſome examples are to be ſeen underneath

† 1597. (the Juliet) * Edition 1609. that. † of. 1609. ‡ upon. 1609.
~ 1597. ſounde the lone. 1597. that of 1597.
~ 1597. ſhe could have wadled vp and downe. ~ 1597. hee.
@ 1597. now Omitted. @ 1597. if ſhould. ~ 1597. ſoole.
[1597. and by my troth ſhe lacked a tooth, and ſhee a hundred yeare, ~ 1597. Quoth he omitted
‡ 1597. doſt thou fall forward Juliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit: wilt thou not Juliet?

backward when thou commeſt to age, wilt thou not Jule? *it ſtinted and ſaid I.*

Juli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace, I have done: God marke thee to his grace thou waſt the prettieſt babe that ere I nurſt, and I might live to ſee thee married once, I have my wiſh.*

Old La. Mary that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of: tell me daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be married?

Juli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre! were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well, thinke of Marriage now, younger than you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count:
I was your mother much upon theſe yeares
That you are now a maide: thus then in briefe,
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his love.

Nurſe. *A man young Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world, Why hee's a man of waxe.*

Old La. Verona's Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. *Nay hee's a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you? can you love the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o're the volume of young *Paris* face,
And finde delight writ there with beauties pen,
Examine every ſeverall lineament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire Volume lyes,
Finde written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious booke of love, this unbound lover,
To beautifie him onely lackes a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the ſea, and 'tis much pride,
For faire without the faire within to hide:
That booke in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſpes lockes in the golden ſtory:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By having him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly, can you like of *Paris* love?

Juli. I'le looke to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it flye. *Enter ſerving.*

Serving. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you calld, my young Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt in the Pantry, and every thing in extremity: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtrait.

Mo. We follow thee: *Juliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe girle, ſeeke happy nights to happy dayes.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.*

Rom. What? ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apology?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity,
Wee'll have no *Cupid* hood-winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
Wee'll meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Give me a Torch, I am not for this ambling,
Being but heavie I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I believe me, you have dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a Lover, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe,
Under loves heavie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mer. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen love,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Romeo,

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſterous, and it prickes like thorne.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love,
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love downe.
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor: what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities,
Here are the beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come knock and enter, and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legges.
Rom. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenſeleſſe ruſhes with their heeles,
For I am proverb'd with a graunſire phraſe,
'Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was ne're ſo faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word;
If thou art dun wee'll draw thee from the mire:
Or ſave you reverence love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to the eares: come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. That's not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our judgement ſits,
Five times in that, e're once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Mask,
But 'tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreamt a dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Rom. In bed aſleepe while they doe dreame things true.
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath been with you:
Shee is the Fairies Midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger than an Agat ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little atomies, over mens noſes as they lye aſleep, her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legges, the cover of

of the wings of graſhoppers, her traces of the ſmalleſt ſpiders web, her collers of the moon-ſhines watry beames, her whip of Crickets bone, the laſh of Philome, her waggoner a ſmall gray coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge as a round little worme prickt from the lazie finger of a man, her chariot is an emptie Haſell nut, made by the Joyner Squirrell or old Grub, time out of mind the Fairies Coach-makers: and in this ſtate ſhee gallops night by night through lovers braines, and then they dreame of love: on Courtiers knees, that dreame on Curſies ſtrait; o're Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreame on fees; o're Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame; which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with ſweet meates tainted are: ſometimes ſhee gallops o're a Courtiers noſe, and then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit; and ſometime comes ſhe with a tithe-pigs taile, tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice; ſometime ſhee driveth o're a ſouldiers necke, and then dreames hee of cutting forraine throats, of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades, of healths five fadome deep; and then anon drums in his eare, at which hee ſtarts and wakes, and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two, and ſleepes againe: this is that very Mab that plats the manes of horſes in the night, and bakes the Elflockes in foule ſluttiſh haires, which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maides ly on their backes,
That preſſes them, and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhee.
Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio* peace,
Thou talkſt, of nothing.
Mer. True, I talke of dreames,
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more unconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſome of the North;
And being angred, puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew-dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes us from our selves,
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Rom. I feare too early, for my mind misse-gives,
Some consequence yet hanging in the starres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights revells, and expire the terme
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sute: on lusty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Servingmen come forth with Napkins.

Enter Romeo.

Ser. Where's Potpan, that he helpes not to take away?
He shift a Trencher? he scrape a Trencher?
1. When good manners shall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwasht too, 'tis a foule thing.
Ser. Away with the join-stooles, remove the Court-cupboard, looke to the plate, good thou save me a piece of March-pane, and as thou loves mee let the Porter let in *Susan Grind-stone*, and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.
2. I Boy ready.
Ser. You are lookt for and cald for, askt for and sought for in the great chamber.
3. We cannot be here and there too, chearly boyes,
Be briske a while, and the longer liver take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the guests and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Cap.* Welcome Gentlemen. Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with Cornes will walke about with you:
Ah my Mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes daintie,
She 'Ile swear hath Cornes: am I come neare you now?
Welcome Gentlemen, I have seen the day
That I have worne a Visor, and could tell

A whispering tale in a faire Ladies eare,
Such as would please: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome Gentlemen: come Musitians play.

Musicke playes, and they dance.

A hall, a hall, give roome, and foot it girles,
More light you Knaves, and turne the tables up,
And quench the fire, the roome is growne too hot.
Ah sirrah, this unlookt for sport comes well.
Nay sit, nay sit, good cousin *Capulet*,
For you and I are past our dancing dayes:
How long is now since last your selfe and I
Were in a Maske?
2. *Cap.* Berlady thirty yeeres.
1. *Cap.* What man? 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much,
'Tis since the Nuptiall of *Lucientio*:
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty yeeres, and then we maskt.
2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more, his sonne is elder sir,
His sonne is thirty.
1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His sonne was but a Ward two yeeres agoe.
Rom. What Lady is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight.
Ser. I know not sir.
Rom. O she doth teach the torches to burne bright:
It seemes she hangs upon the cheeke of night,
As a rich jewell in an Æthiops eare,
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too deare:
So shewes a snowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady o're her fellowes showes:
The measure done, 'Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now, forsweare it sight,
For I ne're saw true beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what? dares the slave,
Come hither cover'd with an antique face,

To fleere and ſcorne at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtocke and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman? wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Uncle this is a *Mountague* our foe,
A villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our ſolemnity this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo*, is it?
Tib. 'Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Cap. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman,
And to ſay truth *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well govern'd youth;
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my houſe doe him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence, and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a villaine is a gueſt,
I'le not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endured,
What? goodman boy, I ſay he ſhall, goe too,
Am I the Maſter here or you? goe too:
You'll not endure him, God ſhall mend my ſoule,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts,
You will ſet a cocke a hoope, you'll be the man.
Tib. Why Uncle 'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Goe too, goe too,
You are a ſaucy boy: iſt ſo indeed?
This trick may chance to ſcath you I know what:
You muſt contrary me, marry 'tis time:
Well ſaid my hearts: you are a Princox, goe,
Be quiet, or (more light, more light for ſhame)
I'le make you quiet (what) chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:

I will

I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine, the gentle ſinne is this,
My lips two bluſhing Pilgrims ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſſe.
Jul. Good Pilgrim, you doe wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints have hands that Pilgrims hands doe touch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Have not Saints lips, and holy Palmers too?
Jul. I Pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in Prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips doe what hands doe,
They pray, grant thou, leſt faith turne to deſpaire.
Jul. Saints doe not move, though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips by thine my ſinne is purg'd.
Jul. Then have my lips the ſinne that they have tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O treſpaſſe ſweetly urg'd:
Give me my ſinne againe.
Jul. You kiſſe bith booke.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurſe. Marrie Batcheler,
Her mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady, and a wiſe and vertuous:
I nurſ'd her daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinckes.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! my life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I, ſo I feare, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards:
Is it e'en ſo? why then I thanke you all,
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen, good night.

More

More torches here, come on, then lets to bed.
Ah sirrah, by my fay it waxes late,
'Ile to my rest.
Juli. Come hither Nurse, what is yond Gentleman?
Nurs. The sonne and heire of old *Tyberio.*
Jul. What's he that now is going out of the doore?
Nurs. Marry that I thinke be young *Petrucheo.*
Jul. What's he that followes here, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Goe aske his name, if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurs. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Mountague*,
The onely sonne of your great enemy.
Jul. My onely love sprung from my onely hate,
Too early seene unknowne, and knowne too late:
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurs. What's tis? what's tis?
Jul. A Ryme I learnt even now
Of one I danc't withall.
One calls within Juliet.
Nurs. Anon, anon:
Come lets away, the strangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heire.
That faire for which love groned and would dye,
With tender *Juliet* matcht is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd and loves againe,
Alike bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe suppos'd he must complaine,
And she steale loves sweet bait from fearefull hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have accesse
To breath such vowes as lovers use to sweare:
And she as much in love, her meanes much lesse,
To meet her new beloved any where.

But

But passion lends them power, time meanes to meet,
Tempring extremities with extreme sweet.
Enter Romeo *alone.*
Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here,
Turne backe dull earth, and finde thy Center out.
Enter Benvolio *with* Mercutio.
Ben. Romeo, my Cousin *Romeo, Romeo.*
Mer. He is wise, and on my life hath stollen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this Orchard wall:
Call good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay I'le conjure too.
Romeo, humours, madam, passion, lover,
Appeare thou in the likenesse of a sigh,
Speake but one ryme and I am satisfi'd;
Cry but ay me, pronounce but love and dye,
Speake to my Gossip *Venus* one faire word,
One nickname to her purblind sonne and heire
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so true,
When King *Cophetua* lov'd the Begger-maid.
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not,
The Ape is dead, and I must conjure him:
I conjure thee by *Rosalines* bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her skarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight legge, and quivering thigh,
And the demeanes that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likenesse thou appeare to us.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him, 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his Mistresse circle,
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had layd it, and conjur'd it downe,
That were some spight.
My invocation is faire and honest, and in his Mistresse name,
I conjure onely but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himselfe among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the darke.

Mer.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the marke:
Now will he sit under a Medlar tree,
And wish his mistresse were that kinde of fruit,
As maides call Medlars when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that she were, O that she were
An open and catera, and thou a Poperin peare,
Romeo good night, I'le to my Truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we goe?
Ben. Goe then, for 'tis in vaine to seeke him here,
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He jests at scarres that never felt a wound:
But soft, what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sunne:
Arise faire sunne, and kill the envious moone,
Who is already sicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her maide art farre more faire than she:
Be not her maide since she is envious,
Her vestall livery is but sicke and greene,
And none but fooles doe weare it, cast it off:
It is my Lady, O it is my love, O that she knew she were:
She speakes, yet she sayes nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answere it:
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speakes:
Two of the fairest starres in all the heaven,
Having some businesse, doe entreat her eyes
To twinckle in their spheares till they returne:
What if her eyes were there, they in her head,
The brightnesse of her cheeke would shame those stars,
As day-light doth a lampe; her eye in heaven,
Would through the ayrie region streame so bright,
That birds would sing, and thinke it were not night.
See how she leanes her cheeke upon her hand,
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Jul. Ay me.
Rom. She speakes.

Oh speake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being o're my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white up-turned wondring eyes
Of mortals that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazie puffing clouds,
And sailes upon the bosome of the Aire.
Jul. O *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but sworne my love,
And 'Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I heare more? or shall I speake at this?
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thy selfe, though not a *Mountague.*
What's *Mountague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arme, nor face. O be some other name
Belonging to a man.
What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet:
So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title: *Romeo* d'off thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Love, and 'Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence-forth I never will be *Romeo.*
Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsell?
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint is hatefull to my selfe,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Jul. My eares have yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Rom. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen finde thee here.
Rom. With loves light wings did I ore-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can doe, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they doe ſee thee they will murther thee.
Rom. Alack, there lyes more perill in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords: looke thou but ſweet,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have nights cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me let them finde me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction foundſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell, and I lent him eyes.
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as farre
As that vaſt ſhore waſht with the fartheſt ſea,
I ſhould adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night.
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine deny
What I have ſpoke; but farewell complement:
Doeſt thou love me? I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word; yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maiſt prove falſe: at lovers perjuries
They ſay *Jove* laughes. Oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond,

And therefore thou maiſt thinke my behaviour light;
But truſt me Gentleman I'le prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more coying to be ſtrange:
I ſhould have beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou overheardſt ere I was ware
My true loves paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light love,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moone I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit tree tops.
Jul. O ſweare not by the moone, th'inconſtant moone,
That monthly changes in her circled orbe,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Jul. Doe not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt, ſweare by thy gracious ſelfe,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'le beleeve thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare love.
Jul. Well, doe not ſweare, although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay it lightens: ſweet good night:
This bud of love by ſummers ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweet repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart as that within my breaſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?
Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loves faithfull vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it,
And yet I would it were to give againe.
Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe love?
Jul. But to be franke and give it thee again,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the ſea,

My love as deepe, the more I give to thee
The more I have, for both are infinite:
I heare some noise within, deare Love adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Rom. O blessed, blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Jul. Three words deare *Romeo*, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose Marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'le procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rites,
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'le lay,
And follow thee my Love throughout the world. Madam.
I come anon: but if thou meanst not well, Madam.
I doe beseech thee (by and by I come)
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my griefe,
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soule.
Jul. A thousand times good-night.
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy sight.
Love goes toward love as Schoole-boyes from their bookes,
But love from love toward Schoole with heavie lookes.

Enter Juliet *againe.*

Jul. Hist *Romeo*, hist: O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Tassel gentle backe againe:
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speake aloud,
Else would I teare the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name:
How silver sweet sound Lovers tongues by night?
Like softest Musicke to attending eares.
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Deere.
Jul. What a clocke to morrow

Shall

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the houre of nine.
Jul. I will not faile, 'tis twentie yeeres till then:
I have forgot why I did call thee backe.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And 'Ile still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wantons bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silken thred plucks it backe againe,
So loving jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet so would I,
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing:
Good night, good night,
Parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Ro. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.
Would I were sleepe and peace so sweet to rest.
Hence will I to my ghostly Friers close Cell,
His helpe to crave, and my deere hap to tell.

Exit.

Enter Frier alone with a Basket.

Fri. The grey ey'd morne smiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eastern clouds with streakes of light:
And fleckeld darknesse like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the sunne advance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I must upfill this Osier-Cage of ours,
With balefull weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe;
What is her burying Grave, that is her wombe:

And

And from her wombe children of divers kind
We sucking on her naturall bosome find:
Many for many vertues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O mickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In plants, hearbs, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some speciall good doth give:
Nor ought so good, but strain'd from that faire use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Vertue it selfe turnes vice being mis-appli'd,
And vice sometime by action dignifi'd.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rinde of this weake flower
Poyson hath residence, and Medicine power:
For this being smelt with that part, cheares each part;
Being tasted slayes all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed Kings encamp them still
In man as well as hearbs, grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soone the Canker death eates up that plant.

Rom. Good morrow father.

Fri. Benedicite:
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young sonne it argues a distemper'd head,
So soone to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old mans eye,
And where care lodges sleepe will never lye:
But where unbruised youth with unstuft braine,
Doth couch his limbes, there golden sleep doth reign,
Therefore thy earlinesse doth me assure,
Thou art uprous'd with some distemp'rature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin, wast thou with *Rosaline?*

Rom. With *Rosaline*, my ghostly father, no,

I have forgot that name, and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good sonne, but where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'le tell thee ere thou aske it me agen:
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy Physicke lyes:
I beare no hatred blessed man; for loe,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good sonne and homely in thy drift,
Ridling confession findes but ridling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare love is set
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet*:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine,
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'le tell thee as we passe: but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Rosaline*, whom thou didst love so deare,
So soone forsaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truely in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deale of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheekes for *Rosaline?*
How much salt water throwne away in waste,
To season love that of it doth not taste?
The sun not yet thy sighes from heaven cleares,
Thy old groanes yet ring in mine ancient eares;
Lo here upon thy cheeke the staine doth sit,
Of an old teare that is not washt off yet.
If ere thou wast thy selfe, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline*.
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving *Rosaline*.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupill mine.

Rom. And badſt me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not, her I love now
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote that could not ſpell:
But come young Waverer, come and goe with me,
In one reſpect 'Ile thy aſſiſtant be:
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turne your houſholds rancor to pure love.

Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow, they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. Where the Dev'll ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?

Ben. Not to his fathers, I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that *Roſaline* Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. Tibalt, the Kinſman to old *Capulet*, hath ſent a letter to his fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay he will anſwere the Letters Maſter, how hee dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, hee is already dead, ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Love-ſong, the very pinne of his heart cleft with the blinde Bow-boies but-ſhaft: and is he a man to encounter *Tibalt*?

Rom. Why? what is *Tibalt*?

Mer. More than Prince of Cats: O hee's the courageous Captaine of Complements: hee fights as you ſing Pricke-ſong, keepes time, diſtance, and proportion; he reſts his *minum* reſts, one, two, and the third in your boſome: the very Butcher of a ſilke

ſilke button, a Dualiſt, a Dualiſt, a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe, ah the immortall Paſſado, the punto reverſo, the Hay.

Ben. The what?

Mer. The Poxe of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents: by Jeſu a very good blade, a very tall man, a very good Whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grand-ſire, that wee ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardona-mees, who ſtand ſo much on the new forme, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O their bones, their bones!

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dri'd Herring: O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in. *Laura* to his Lady was a Kitchin wench, marrie ſhe had a better love to berime her; *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots, *Thisby* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Seignior *Romeo Bon jour*, there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop: you gave us the counterfeit fairely laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon good *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtraines a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pincke of curteſie.

Rom. Pincke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my pump well flowred.

Mercu. Sure wit, follow mee this jeſt now till thou haſt worne out thy pumpe, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne,

 the

the jeſt may remaine after the wearing ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd jeſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or I le cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*

A ſaile, a ſaile.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nurſe. *Peter.*

Peter Anon.

Nurſ. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the bawdy hand of the dyall is now upon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out upon you, what a man are you?

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaid, for himſelfe to marre quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may finde the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than hee was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very well tooke ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, unleſſe a hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoare, and an old hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.

But a hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? wee'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exeunt.

Nur. I pray you ſir what ſaucie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie.

Ro. A Gentleman Nurſe that loves to heare himſelfe talk, and will ſpeake more in a minute than he will ſtand to in a moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, I'le take him down, and a were luſtier than hee is, and twenty ſuch Jackes: and if I cannot, I'le finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcurvie Knave, I am none of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines mates: and thou muſt

ſtand by too, and ſuffer every Knave to uſe mee at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have beene out : I warrant you I dare draw as ſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion, in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now afore God I am ſo vext, that every part about mee quivers : ſcurvie Knave : pray you ſir a word : and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out : what ſhe bid mee ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe : but firſt let me tell ye, if yee ſhould leade her in a Fooles Paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kinde of behaviour, as they say : for the Gentlewoman is young, and therefore if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Rom. Nurſe, commend me to thy Lady and Miſtris, I proteſt unto thee.

Nurſe. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much : Lord, Lord, ſhe will be a joyfull woman.

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe ? thou doeſt not marke mee.

Nur. I will tell her ſir that you doe proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her deviſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this afternoone,
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Laurence* Cell
Be ſhrived and married : here is for thy paines.

Nurſe. No truly ſir not a pennie.

Rom. Goe too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoone ſir, well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall:
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackling ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy,
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſty, and Ile quite thy paines.
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtris.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Now God in Heaven bleſſe thee : harke you ſir.

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe ?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret ? did you ne're here ſay, two may keepe counſell putting one away ?

Rom. Warrant thee my mans as true as ſteele.

Nurſe. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady ; Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Nobleman in Towne, one *Paris*, that would faine lay Knife aboord, but ſhe good ſoule had as lieve ſee a Toade, a very Toade as ſee him : I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man : but Ile warrant you when I ſay ſo ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a Letter ?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that ? Both with an R.

Nur. A mocker, that's the dogges name, R. is for the no. I know it beginnes with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would doe you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lody.

Nurſe. I a thouſand times. *Peter.*

Pet. Anon.

Nurſ. Before and apace.

Exit.

Enter Juliet.

Ju. The clock ſtrook nine when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promis'd to returne :
Perchance ſhe cannot meet him ; that's not ſo :
Oh ſhe is lame, loves Heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides than the ſuns beames,
Driving backe ſhadowes over lowring hills :
Therefore doe nimble pinion'd Doves draw love,
And therefore hath the winde-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the ſunne upon the highmoſt hill
Of this dayes journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long houres, yet ſhe is not come :
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball.

My

My words would bandy her to my ſweet Love,
And his to me, but old folkes many faine as they were dead,
Unweildy, ſlow, heavie, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes: O honey Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter ſtay at the gate.
Jul. Now good ſweet Nurſe, O Lord why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though newes be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good, thou ſham'ſt the Muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me with ſo ſowre a face.
Nurſe. I am weary, give me leave a while,
Fye how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would thou hadſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come, I pray thee ſpeake, good, good Nurſe ſpeake.
Nurſe. Jeſu what haſte? can you not ſtay a while?
Doe you not ſee that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou do'ſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou do'ſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and I'le ſtay the circumſtance,
Let me be ſatisfi'd, iſt good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chooſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he, though his face be better than any mans, yet his legge excels all mens, and for a hand and a foot and body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: hee is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle as a Lambe: goe thy waies wench, ſerve God. What? have you din'd at home?
Jul. No, no, but all this did I know before,
What ſayes he of our marriage? what of that?
Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My backe a tother ſide, ah my backe, my backe,
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about,

To

To catch my death with jaunting up and downe.
Jul. Ifaith I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Love?
Nur. Your love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kinde, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repliеſt,
Your Love ſayes like an honeſt Gentleman.
Where is your Mother?
Nurſe. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward doe your meſſages your ſelfe.
Jul Here's ſuch a coile, come, what ſaies *Romeo*?
Nur. Have you got leave to goe to ſhrift to day?
Jul. I have.
Nur. Then hie you hence to Frier *Laurence* Cell,
There ſtayes a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheekes,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climbe a birds neſt ſoone when it is darke.
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight,
But you ſhall beare the burden ſoone at night.
Goe, Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune, honeſt Nurſe farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heavens upon this holy Act,
That after houres with ſorrow chide us not.
Rom. Amen, Amen: but come, what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervaile the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Doe thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,

Then

Then love-devouring death doe what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph dye, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is lothſomneſſe in his owne deliciouſneſſe,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite.
Therefore love moderately, long love doth ſo,
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the Lady, Oh ſo light a foot
Will never weare out the everlaſting flint:
A Lover may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That idles in the wanton ſummer Ayre,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee daughter for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe in his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre, and let rich Muſickes tongue,
Unfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receive in either by this deare encounter.

Jul. Conceit more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament;
They are but beggars that can count their worth,
But my true love is growne to ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſumme up ſome of halfe my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaves you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* let's retire,
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad,
And if wee meet we ſhall not ſcape a braule, for now theſe hot dayes is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes, that when hee enters the confines of a Taverne, claps mee his ſword upon the Table, and ſayes, God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup drawes him on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jacke in thy moode as any in *Italy*, and as ſoone moved to bee moodie, and as ſoone moodie to be moved.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, wee ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, having no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye but ſuch an eye would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egge for quarrelling: thou haſt quarrelled with a man for coffing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor, for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter: with another, for tying his new ſhooes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling.

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarrell as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple, O ſimple!

Enter Tibalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tib. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen Good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall finde me apt enough to that ſir, and you ſhall give me occaſion.

Mercutio. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*
Mer. Consort! what doeſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diſcords; here's my Fiddle-ſticke, here's that ſhall make you dance: zounds consort.
Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on us.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.
Enter Romeo.
Ti. Well, peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.
Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field, hee'll be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.
Tib. *Romeo*, the love I beare thee can affoord
No better tearme than this: thou art a Villaine.
Rom. *Tibalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine I am none,
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.
Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.
Rom. I doe proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion,
Alla ſtucatho carries it away:
Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walke?
Tib. What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall uſe mee hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leſt

leſt mine be about your eares e're it be out.
Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio* put thy Rapier up.
Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.
Ro. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſſely hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona's* ſtreets:
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio.*
Away Tibalt.
Mer. I am hurt:
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped;
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis enough:
Where is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.
Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve, aske for mee to morrow and you ſhall finde mee a grave man. I am peppered I warrant for this world, a plague a both your houſes: 'zounds a dogge, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke: why the dev'll came you betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.
Rom. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a plague a both your houſes,
They have made wormes meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly to your houſes——
Exit.
Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neere ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my couſin. O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo, Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This dayes blacke fate on more daies doth depend,
This but begins the woe others muſt end.
Ben. Here comes the furious *Tibalt* back again.
Rom. He gone in triumph, and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heaven reſpective lenity,
And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Now *Tibalt* take the villaine backe againe
That late thou gav'ſt me, for *Mercutio's* ſoule
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him company:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt goe with him.
Tib. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tibalt *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone,
The Citizens are up, and *Tibalt* ſlaine:
Stand not amaz'd, the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O I am fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kil'd *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tibalt*.
Cit. Up ſir, goe with me,
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

Enter Prince, old Mountague, Capulet, *their wives and all.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
The unluckie mannage of this fatall brall.

There

There lyes the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio*.
Cap. Wi. Tibalt my couſin, O my brothers childe,
O Prince, O couſin, husband, O the blood is ſpild,
Of my deare kinſman: Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours ſhed blood of *Mountague*.
O couſin, couſin.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tibalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire, bad him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and urg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calme look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleene
Of *Tibalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt:
Who all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a martiall ſcorne with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It backe to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cryes aloud,
Hold friends, friends part; and ſwifter than his tongue
His agill arme beats downe their fatall points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes: underneath whoſe arme,
An envious thruſt from *Tibalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled:
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And too't they goe like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine,
And as he fell did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* dye.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountagues*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I begge for juſtice, which thou Prince muſt give,

 Romeo

Romeo ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe?
Mon. Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutio's* friend,
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
Prin. And for that offence
Immediately we doe exile him hence.
I have an intereſt in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawles doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore uſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is the laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders pardoning thoſe that kill.
Exit.

Enter Juliet *alone.*
Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteeds,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a waggoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the Weſt,
And bring in clowdy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine love-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, untalkt of and unſeene:
Lovers can ſee to doe their amorous rights,
By their owne beauties, or of love too blind,
It beſt agrees with night: come civill night,
Thou ſober ſuited matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to loſe a winning match,
Plai'd for a paire of ſtainleſſe maiden-heads:
Hood my unman'd blood baiting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle: till ſtrange love grow bold,
Thinke true love acted ſimple modeſty:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,

For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a Ravens backe:
Come gentle night, come loving black-brow'd night,
Give me my *Romeo*, and when he ſhall dye,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſunne.
O I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet injoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtivall,
To an impatient childe that hath new robes,
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe,

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and every tongue that ſpeakes
But *Romeo's* name, ſpeakes heavenly eloquence.
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. I, I, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what newes? why doeſt thou wring thy hands?
Nur. A weladay, hee's dead, hee's dead, hee's dead,
We are undone Lady, we are undone:
Alack the day, hee's gone, hee's kill'd, hee's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. *Romeo* can,
Though heaven cannot. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*,
Who ever would have thought it *Romeo*?
Jul. What divell art thou that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell:
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Than the death-darting eye of Cockatrice:
I am not I if there be ſuch an I,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee anſwere I.
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, No,
Briefe ſounds determine of my weale or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,
God save the marke here on his manly breast,
A pitious coarse, a bloody pitious coarse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedeaw'd in blood,
All in gore blood: I swouned at the sight.
Jul. O breake my heart, poore bankrupt breake at once,
To prison eyes, ne're looke on liberty,
Vile earth to earth resigne, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* presse one heavie beere.
Nurse. O *Tibalt*, *Tibalt*, the best friend I had,
O courteous *Tibalt*, honest Gentleman,
That ever I should live to see thee dead.
Jul. What storme is this that blowes so contrary?
Is *Romeo* slaughtred? and is *Tibalt* dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull trumpet sound the generall doome,
For who is living if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tibalt is gone, and *Romeo* banished,
Romeo that kild him, he is banished.
Jul. O God did *Romeo's* hand shed *Tibalts* blood?
Nurse. It did, it did, alas the day it did.
Jul. O serpent heart hid with a flowring face!
Did ever dragon keepe so faire a cave?
Beautifull tyrant, fiend angelicall,
Ravenous dove, feathred raven, wolvish-ravening lamb,
Despised substance of divinest shew,
Just opposite to what thou justly seemest,
A damned Saint, an honourable villaine.
O nature, what hadst thou to doe in hell,
When thou didst poure the spirit of a fiend
In mortall paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever booke containing so vile matter
So fairely bound? O that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nur. There's no trust, no faith, no honesty in men,
All perjur'd, all forsworne, all naught, all dissemblers:
Ah, where's my man? give me some *Aquā vitæ.*

These grieses, these woes, these sorrowes make me old,
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Jul. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish: he was not borne to shame,
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole Monarch of the universall earth.
O what a beast was I to chide at him?
Nur. Will you speake well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord! what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife have mangled it?
But wherefore villaine didst thou kill my cousin?
That villaine cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Backe fooliish teares, backe to your native spring,
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.
My husband lives that *Tibalt* would have slaine,
And *Tibalt's* dead that would have slaine my husband:
All this is comfort: wherefore weepe I then?
Some words there were worser than *Tibalts* death
That murdred me: I would forget it faine,
But oh, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners mindes;
Tibalt is dead, and *Romeo* banished.
That banished, that one word banished,
Hath slaine ten thousand *Tibalts*: *Tibalts* death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there.
Or if sowre woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why follow'd not, when she said *Tibalt's* dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might have mov'd:
But with a rereward following *Tibalts* death,
Romeo is banished: to speake that word,
Is father, mother, *Tibalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slaine, all dead, *Romeo* is banished.

There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that words death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurse*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalts* coarse:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with teares, mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* banishment.
Take up those cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurse, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.
Nurse. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That yet I know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse than doomsday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vanisht from his lips:
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha! banishment? be mercifull, say death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death: doe not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:

Be

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it selfe.
Hence banished is banisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished
Is death mis-tearm'd: calling death banished,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden Axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sinne! O rude unthankfulnesse!
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment:
This is deare mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven is here
Where *Juliet* lives, and every cat and dogge,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more Courtship lives
In carrion flies than *Romeo*: they may seize
On the white wonder of deare *Juliet's* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and Vestall modesty
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sinne:
This may flies doe, when I from this must flye,
And saist thou yet that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this must flye:
They are free men, but I am banished.
Hadst thou no poison mixt, no sharpe grownd knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But Banished to kill me? Banished!
O Frier, the damned use that word in hell,
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sinne Obsolver, and my Friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?

 Fri.

Fri. Thou fond mad man, heare me a little ſpeak.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile give thee armour to keepe off that word,
Adverſities ſweet milke, Philoſophy,
To comfort thee though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed? hang up Philoſophy,
Unleſſe Philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a towne, reverſe a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it prevailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee that mad men have no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they, when wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeake of that thou do'ſt not feele.
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An houre but married, *Tibalt* murdered,
Doting like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then mightſt thou ſpeake,
Then mightſt thou teare thy haire,
And fall upon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

Nurſe knockes.

Fri. Ariſe, one knockes, good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I, unleſſe the breath of heart-ſicke grones
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.

Knocke.

Fri. Harke how they knocke (who's there?) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken (ſtay a while) ſtand up.

Knocke againe.

Run to my ſtudy (by and by) Gods will,
What ſimpleneſſe is this: I come, I come.

Knocke.

Who knockes ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Enter Nurſe.

Nur. Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from Lady *Juliet*.
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier, O tell me holy Frier,

Where's

Where's my Ladies Lord? where's *Romeo*?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O, he is even in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Juſt in her caſe: O wofull ſimpathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lyes ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping, weeping and blubbring:
Stand up, ſtand up, ſtand and you be a man,
For *Juliets* ſake, for her ſake riſe and ſtand:
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O?
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir, ah ſir, death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'ſt thou of *Juliet*? how iſt with her?
Doth ſhe not thinke me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the child-head of our joy,
With blood remov'd but little from her owne?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our canceld love?
Nur. Oh, ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weepes,
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tibalt* calls, and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Rom. As if that name ſhot from the deadly levell of a gun,
Did murther her, as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman. Oh tell me Frier, tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſacke
The hatefull manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy forme cries out thou art,
Thy teares are womaniſh, thy wilde acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
Unſeemely woman in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me: By my holy Order
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tibalt*? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe?

 And

And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, sie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Usurer aboundst in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love sworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-lesse souldiers flaske,
Is set on fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What? rowse thee man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessings light upon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehav'd and sullen wench
Thou poutst upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavie sorrow makes them apt unto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell; oh what Learning is!
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Doe so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here sir, a ring she bids me give you sir,
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Goe hence, good night, and here stands all your state,
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a griefe so briefe to part with thee.
Farewell,

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tibalt* dearely,
And so did I: well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'll not come downe to night.
I promise you but for your company
I would have beene a bed an houre agoe.
Paris. These times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam good night, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mewed up to her heavinesse.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes love; I thinke she will be rul'd

In all reſpects by me: nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, goe you to her ere you goe to bed,
Acquaint her here with my ſonne *Paris* love,
And bid her, marke you me, on wedneſday next:
But ſoft, what day is this?

Paris. Monday, my Lord.

Ca. Monday, ha, ha, well wedneſday is too ſoone;
A thurſday let it be, a thurſday tell her
Shee ſhall be married to this noble Earle:
Will you be ready? doe you like this haſte?
Wee'll keepe no great adoe, a friend or two:
For harke you, *Tibalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revell much:
Therefore wee'll have ſome halfe a dozen friends,
And there an end: But what ſay you to Thurſday?

Paris. My Lord, I would that thurſday were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone, a thurſday be it then:
Goe you to *Juliet* ere you goe to bed,
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord: light to my chamber ho,
Afore me: it is ſo very late, that we may call it early by and by.
Goodnight.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet *aloft*.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet neare day:
It was the Nightingale and not the Larke,
That pearc't the fearefull hollow of thine eare;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomegranate tree:
Beleeve me love it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the Larke, the herald of the morne,
No Nightingale: looke love what envious ſtreakes
Doe lace the ſevering clouds in yonder Eaſt:
Nights candles are burnt out, and jocond day
Stands tip-toe on the miſty mountaines tops:
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and dye.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it I:

It is ſome Meteor that the ſunne exhale,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet, thou needeſt not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'n, let me be put to death,
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthia's* brow.
Nor that is not the Larke whoſe notes doe beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay than will to goe,
Come death and welcome, *Juliet* wills it ſo.
How ift my ſoule? let's talke, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone away;
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Strayning harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arme from arme that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſup to the day.
O now be gone, more light and light it growes.

Rom. More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.

Enter Madam and Nurſe.

Nurſ. Madam.

Jul. Nurſe.

Nurſ. Your Lady mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke, be wary, looke about.

Jul. Then window let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

Jul. Art thou gone ſo love, Lord, ay husband, friend?
I muſt heare from thee every day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes.
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeeres,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.

Rom. Farewell.
I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, Love, to thee.
Jul. O thinkſt thou we ſhall ever meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Jul. O God, I have an ill divining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art ſo low
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe;
Either my eye-ſight failes or thou lookſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me love in my eye ſo doe you,
Dry ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adieu, adieu.
Exit.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle fortune,
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
La. Ho daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who iſt that calls? it is my Lady mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or up ſo early?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Why how now *Juliet*?
Jul. Madam I am not well.
La. Evermore weeping for your couſins death?
What? wilt thou waſh him from his grave with teares?
And if thou couldſt, thou couldſt not make him live;
Therefore have done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of love,
But much of griefe ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weepe for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but ever weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weepſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villaine lives which ſlaughtered him.

Jul.

Jul. What villaine Madam?
La. That ſame villaine *Romeo*.
Jul. Villaine and he be many miles aſunder,
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.
La. That is becauſe the Traitor lives.
Jul. I Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my couſins death.
La. We will have vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weep no more. Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſht runnagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* company,
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfi'd.
Jul. Indeed I never ſhall be ſatisfi'd
With *Romeo* till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, ſo for a kinſman vext.
Madam, if you could finde out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it,
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receit thereof
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhorres
To heare him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreake the love I bore my couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughtred him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man.
But now Ile tell thee joyfull tidings Girle.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needy time:
What are they I beſeech your Ladiſhip?
Mo. Well, well thou haſt a carefull father childe,
One, who to put thee from thy heavineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Jul. Madam in happy time, what day is that?
Mo. Marry my childe early next thurſday morne,
The gallant, young, and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyfull Bride.

Jul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband comes to wooe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father, Madam,
I will not marry yet; and when I doe, I ſweare
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the aire doth driſle dew.
But for the Sun-ſet of my brothers ſonne,
It raines downe right.
How now, a Conduit Girle? what ſtill in teares?
Evermore ſhowring? In one little body
Thou counterfeitſt a Barke, a Sea, a winde:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Doe ebbe and flow with teares; the Bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with thy teares, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will over-ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. I ſir, but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thankes.
I would the foole were married to her grave.
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you wife.
How? will ſhe none? doth ſhe not ſhe give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
(Unworthy as ſhe is) that we have wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bridegroome?
Jul. Not proud you have, but thankfull that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankfull even for hate that's meant in love.
Cap. How now? how now? chopt logick? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud: Miſtris minion, you,
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But fettle your fine joints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To goe with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church,
Or I will dragge thee on a hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion, out you baggage,
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Heare me with patience but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage, diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what, get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or never after looke me in the face.
Speake not, reply not, doe not anſwere me,
My fingers itch: Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt
That God had lent us but this onely childe,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heaven bleſſe her,
You are to blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdome? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence ſmatter with your goſſips, goe.
Nurſe. I ſpeake no treaſon.
Fa. O Godigeden.
Nurſe. May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Utter your gravitie o're a Goſſips bowle,
For here we need it not.
Wife. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day, night, houre, tide, time, worke, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath bin
To have her matcht, and having now provided
A Gentleman of noble parentage,
Of faire demeanes, youthfull, and nobly alli'd,
Stuft (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man;
And then to have a wretched puling foole,

A whining mammet in her fortunes tender,
To anſwer, Ile not wed, I cannot love;
I am too young, I pray you pardon me.
But and you will not wed Ile pardon you,
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Looke too't, thinke on't, I doe not uſe to jeſt,
Thurſday is neere, lay hand on heart, adviſe,
And you be mine, Ile give you to my friend;
And you be not, hang, beg ſtarve, dye in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule Ile ne're acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever doe thee good.
Truſt too't, bethinke you, Ile not be forſworne. *Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pitty ſitting in the cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a moneth, a weeke;
Or if you doe not, make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tibalt* lyes.

Mo. Talke not to me, for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Doe as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. *Exit.*

Jul. O God, O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Unleſſe that husband ſend it me from heaven,
By leaving earth? comfort me, counſell me.
Alacke, alacke, that heaven ſhould practice ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou? haſt thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort Nurſe. (nothing,

Nur. Faith here it is. *Romeo* is baniſhed, and all the world to
That he dares ne're come backe to challenge you:
Or if he doe, it needs muſt be by ſtealth:
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie.
O hee's a lovely Gentleman:
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene, ſo quick, ſo faire an eye

As *Paris* hath: beſhrew my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead, or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no uſe of him.

Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?

Nur. And from my ſoule too, or elſe beſhrew them both.

Jul. Amen.

Nur. What?

Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Goe in and tell my Lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Laurence* Cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

Nur. Marrie I will, and this is wiſely done. *Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation, O moſt wicked fiend,
Is it more ſinne to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue,
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thouſand times? Goe Counſeller,
Thou and my boſome henceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedy,
If all elſe faile, my ſelfe have power to dye. *Exit.*

Enter Frier and County Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir? the time is very ſhort.

Pa. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlacke his haſte.

Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies minde,
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.

Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tibalts* death,
And therefore have I little talkt of love:
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir her father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway,
And in his wiſdome haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.

Now doe you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slowed:
Looke sir, here's comes the Lady towards my Cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Happily met my Lady and my wife.
Jul. That may be sir, when I may be a wife.
Pa. That may be, must be love on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this Father?
Jul. To answer that I should confesse to you.
Par. Doe not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confesse to you that I love him.
Par. So will ye I am sure that you love me.
Jul. If I doe so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your backe, than to your face.
Par. Poore soule, thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Jul. The teares have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spight.
Par. Thou wrongst it more than teares with that report.
Jul. That is no slander sir, which is a truth,
And what I spake I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandred it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leisure, holy father, now?
Or shall I come to you at evening Masse?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:
My Lord, we must intreat the time alone.
Pa. God shield I should disturbe devotion.
Juliet, on thursday early will I rowse ye,
Till then adieu, and keepe this holy kisse. *Exit.*
Jul. O shut the doore, and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past helpe.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy griefe,
It straines me past the compasse of my wits;
I heare thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this County.

Jul.

Jul. Tell me not Frier that thou hear'st of this,
Unlesse thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdome thou canst give no helpe,
Doe thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife Ile helpe it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo's*, thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo's* seal'd,
Shall be the Labell to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turne to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore out of thy long experiene't time,
Give me some present counsell, or behold
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the Umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy yeares and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speake, I long to dye,
If what thou speak'st speake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold daughter, I doe spy a kinde of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If rather than to marry Countie *Paris*
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy selfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That coop'st with death himselfe to scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, Ile give thee remedy.
Jul. Oh bid me leape, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of any Tower:
Or walke in theevish wayes, or bid me lurke
Where serpents are: chaine me with roring beares,
Or hide me nightly in a charnell house,
Ore covered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reekie shankes, and yellow chapelesse skuls:
Or bid me goe into a new made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to heare them told have made me tremble,

And

And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet Love.
Fri. Hold then, goe home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*: wedneſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lye alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this viall being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall runne
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keep his native progreſſe, but ſurceaſe;
No warmth, no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liv'ſt.
The roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To paly aſhes, thy eyes windowes fall,
Like death when he ſhuts up the day of life:
Each part depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke and cold appeare like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our countrey is,
In thy beſt robes, uncover'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye:
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking: and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant joy nor womaniſh feare
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Ju. Give me, give me, O tell me not of feare.
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous

In this reſolve: Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Jul. Love give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall helpe afford.
Farewell deare father. *Exeunt.*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, *and Servingmen, two or three.*

Cap. So many gueſts invite as here are writ:
Sirrah, goe hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill ſir, for Ile try if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir it is an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Goe be gone, we ſhall be much unfurniſht for this time: what? is my daughter gone to Frier *Laurence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to doe ſome good on her,
A peeviſh ſelfe-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift with merrie looke.
Cap. How now my head-ſtrong, where have you beene gadding?
Jul. Where I have learnt to repent the ſinne
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you and your beheſts, and am injoin'd
By holy *Laurence* to fall proſtrate here,
To begge your pardon: pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the County, goe tell him of this,
Ile have this knot knit up to morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Laurence* Cell,
And gave him what becommed love I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſty.
Cap. Why I am glad ont, this is well, ſtand up,
This is as 't ſhould be, let me ſee the County:
I marry, goe I ſay and fetch him hither.

Now afore God this holy reverend Frier,
All our whole City is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you goe with me into my closet,
To helpe me sort such needfull ornaments
As you thinke fit to furnish me to morrow?
Mo. No, not till thursday; there is time enough.
Fa. Go Nurse, goe with her, wee'll to Church to morrow.
Exeunt.

Mo. We shall be short in our provision,
'Tis now neare night.
Fa. Tush, I will stirre about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee wife.
Goe thou to *Juliet*, helpe to decke up her:
Ile not to bed to night, let me alone,
Ile play the huswife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth: well, I will walke my selfe
To County *Paris*, to prepare up him
Against to morrow; my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girle is so reclaim'd.
Exeunt.

Enter Juliet *and Nurse.*

Jul. I, those attires are best: but gentle Nurse
I pray thee leave me to my selfe to night,
For I have need of many Orisons,
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which well thou know'st is crosse and full of sinne.

Enter Mother.

Mo. What are you busie ho? need you my help?
Jul. No Madam, we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoovefull for our state to morrow:
So please you let me now be left alone,
And let the Nurse this night sit up with you,
For I am sure you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden businesse.
Mo. Goodnight,
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.
Exeunt.

Jul.

Jul. Farewell, God knowes when we shall meet againe.
I have a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurse: what should she doe heare?
My dismall Scene I needs must act alone.
Come Viall: what if this mixture doe not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No, no, this shall forbid it, lye thou there.
What if it be a poyson which the Frier
Subtilly hath ministred to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to *Romeo?*
I feare it is; and yet me thinks it should not,
For he hath still beene tryed an holy man.
How if when I am laid into the tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? there's a fearfull point,
Shall I not then be stifled in the Vault,
To whose foule mouth no healthsome aire breaths in,
And there dye strangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or if I live, is it not very like
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packt;
Where bloody *Tibalt*, yet but greene in earth,
Lies festring in his shrowd; where, as they say,
At some houres in the night spirits resort:
Alacke, alacke, it is not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrikes like mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That living mortalls hearing them runne mad:
Or if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
(Invironed with all these hideous feares.)
And madly play with my forefathers joints?

And plucke the mangled *Tibalt* from his shrowd,
And in this rage with some great kinsmans bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate braines.
O looke, methinkes I see my cousins ghost
Seeking out *Romeo* that did spit his body
Upon a Rapiers point: stay *Tibalt* stay;
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

Enter Lady of the house and Nurse.

La. Hold, take these keyes, and fetch more spices Nurse.
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Pastry.

Enter old Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir, the second cocke hath crowed,
The Curphew bell hath rung, 'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakt meats, good *Angelica*
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Goe you Cot-queane, goe,
Get you to bed, faith you'll be sicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No, not a whit, what? I have watcht ere now
All night for lesse cause, and nere been sicke.
La. I, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

Exit Lady and Nurse.

Cap. A jealous hood, a jealous hood: now fellow, what is there?

Enter three or foure with spits, and logs, and baskets.

Fel. Things for the Cooke sir, but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste; sirrah fetch drier logges:
Call *Peter*, he will shew thee where they are.
Fel. I have a head sir that will finde out logges,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Masse and well said, a merry horson, ha,
Thou shalt be Loggerhead. Good faith 'tis day.

Play Musicke.

The County will be here with Musicke straight,
For so he said he would: I heare him neare.
Nurse, wife, what ho, what Nurse I say.

Enter Nurse.

Goe waken *Juliet*, goe and trim her up, Ile

Ile goe and chat with *Paris*, hie, make haste;
Make haste, the Bridegroome hee is come already, make haste I say.
Nur. Mistris, what Mistris, *Juliet*: fast I warrant her she:
Why lambe, why Lady, fie you sluggabed;
Why Love I say, Madam, Sweet heart, why Bride:
What? not a word? you take your penniworth now,
Sleepe for a weeke; for the next night I warrant
The County *Paris* hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little: God forgive me,
Marry and Amen, how sound is she asleepe:
I must needs wake her: Madam, Madam, Madam:
I, let the County take you in your bed,
Hee'll fright you up yfaith: will it not be?
What dresst and in your clothes, and downe again?
I must needs wake you; Lady, Lady, Lady.
Alas, alas, helpe, helpe, my Ladie's dead.
Oh weladay that ever I was borne:
Some *Aqua vitæ* ho, my Lord, my Lady.
Mo. What noise is here?
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke, looke, O heavie day!
Mo. O me, O me, my childe, my onely life!
Revive, looke up, or I will dye with thee:
Helpe, helpe, call helpe.

Enter Father.

Fa. For shame bring *Juliet* forth, her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead, deceas't, shee's dead, alacke the day.
Mo. Alacke the day, shee's dead, shee's dead, shee's dead.
Fa. Hah, let me see her: out alas shee's cold,
Her blood is setled, and her joints are stife:
Life and these lips have long beene separated,
Death lyes on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nur. O lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time!

Fa.

Fa. Death that hath ta'ne her hence to make me waile,
Tyes up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.

Enter Frier and thê County, with Muſicians.

Fri. Come, is the Bride ready to goe to Church?

Fa. Ready to goe, but never to returne.
O ſonne, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death laine with thy wife, there ſhe lyes,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowred by him,
Death is my ſonne in law, death is my heire,
My daughter he hath wedded, I will dye
And leave him all, life, living, all is deaths.

Pa. Have I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

Mo. Accurſt, unhappy, wretched, hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage:
But one, poore one, one poore and loving childe,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.

Nur. O woe, O wofull, wofull, wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day, moſt wofull day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold:
O day, O day, O day, O hatefull day,
Never was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this.
O wofull day, O wofull day.

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruell, cruell thee quite overthrowne,
O love, O life, not life, but love in death.

Fa. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kil'd:
Uncomfortable time, why cam'ſt thou now,
To murther, murther our ſolemnity?
O child, O child, my ſoule, and not my childe,
Dead art thou, alacke my child is dead,
And with my childe my joyes are buried.

Fri. Peace ho for ſhame, confuſions, care lives not
In theſe confuſions: heaven and your ſelfe

Had part in this faire Maide; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maide.
Your part in her you could not keepe from death,
But heaven keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heaven ſhe ſhould be advanc't,
And weepe ye now ſeeing ſhe is advanc't
Above the clouds, as high as heaven himſelfe?
O in this love you love your childe ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well.
Shee's not well married that lives married long,
But ſhee's beſt married that dyes married young.
Dry up your teares, and ſticke your Roſemary
On this faire coarſe; and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array, beare her to Church:
For though ſome nature bids us all lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.

Fa. All things that we ordained feſtivall,
Turne from their office to blacke funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bels,
Our wedding cheare to a ſad funerall feaſt,
Our ſolemne hymnes to ſullen dyrges change,
Our bridall flowers ſerve for a buried coarſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, goe you in; and Madam goe with him,
And goe ſir *Paris*, every one prepare
To follow this faire coarſe unto her grave.
The heavens doe lowre upon you for ſome ill,
Move them no more by croſſing their high will.

Exeunt. Manent Muſici.

Muſi. Faith we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nur. Honeſt good fellowes, ah put up, put up,
For well you know this is a pitifull caſe.

Fid. I by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Peter.

Pe. Muſitians, oh Muſitians, hearts eaſe, hearts eaſe,

O, and you will have me live, play hearts ease.
Fid. Why hearts ease?
Pet. O Musitians, because my heart it selfe playes, my heart is full of woe.
O play me some merry dump to comfort me.
Min. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Min. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
Min. What will you give us?
Pet. No mony on my faith, but the gleeke.
I will give you the Minstrell.
Min. Then will I give you the serving creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving creatures dagger on your pate.
I will carry no Crochets, Ile Re you, Ile Fa you:
Doe you note me?
Min. And you Re us and Fa us, you note us.
2. *M.* Pray you put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit.
I will dry beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger;
Answer me like men.
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then musicke with her silver sound.
Why silver sound? why musicke with her silver sound? what say you Simon Catling?
Min. Marry sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pratee, what say you Hugh Rebicke?
2. *M.* I say silver sound, because Musitians sound for silver.
Pet. Pratee too: what say you James sound post?
3. *M.* Faith I know not what to say.
Pet. O I cry you mercy, you are the Singer,
I will say for you: it is musicke with her silver sound,
Because Musitians have no gold for sounding:
Then Musicke with her silver sound with speedy helpe doth lend redresse.

Exit.
Min.

Min. What a pestilent Knave is this?
M. 2. Hang him Jacke, come wee'll in here, tarrie for the Mourners, and stay dinner.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleepe,
My dreames presage some joyfull newes at hand,
My bosomes Lord sits lightly on his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerfull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
Strange dreams that give a dead man leave to think,
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how sweet is love it selfe possest,
When but loves shadowes are so rich in joy.

Enter Romeo's *man* Balthazer.

Newes from *Verona?* how now *Balthazer?*
Dost thou not bring me letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? is my father well?
How doth my Lady *Juliet?* that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.
Man. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill,
Her body sleeps in *Capels* monument,
And her immortall part with Angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindreds vault,
And presently tooke poste to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill newes,
Since you did leave it for my office sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I deny you starres.
Thou know'st my lodging, get me inke and paper,
And hire post horses, I will hence to night.
Man. I doe beseech you sir have patience,
Your lookes are pale and wilde, and doe import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and doe the thing I bid thee doe.

Hast thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord. *Exit.*

Rom. No matter, get thee gone,
And hire those Horses, Ile be with thee straight.
Well *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night.
Let's see for meanes. O mischiefe thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men:
I doe remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwels, which late I noted
In tattred weeds, with over-whelming browes
Culling of simples; meager were his lookes,
Sharpe misery had worne him to the bones,
And in his needy shop a Tortoise hung,
An Allegater stuft, and other skinnes
Of ill shap't fishes, and about his shelves
A beggerly accompt of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots, bladders, and mustie seeds,
Remnants of packthred, and old Cakes of Roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my selfe I said,
And if a man did need a poyson now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a Caitiffe wretch would sell it him.
O this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house,
Being holy-day the beggers shop is shut:
What ho? Apothecary.
Apo. Who calls so loud?
Ro. Come hither man: I see that thou art poore,
Hold, there is forty Duckets, let me have
A dram of poyson, such soone spreading geare
As will disperse it selfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie taker may fall dead,
And that the truncke may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently as hasty powder fier'd

Doth

Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
Appo. Such mortall drugs I have, but *Mantua's* law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchednesse,
And fear'st to dye? famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggery hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the worlds law,
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poore, but breake it and take this.
Apo. My poverty but not my will consents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Apo. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drinke it off; and if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Ro. There is thy gold, worse poison to mens soules,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou maist not sell;
I sell thee poyson, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell, buy food, and get thy selfe in flesh.
Come Cordiall and not poyson, goe with me
To *Juliets* grave, for there must I use thee.
Exeunt.

Enter Frier John *to Frier* Laurence.
Joh. Holy Franciscan Frier, brother, ho.
Enter Laurence.
Lau. This same should be the voice of Frier *John*.
Welcome from *Mantua*: what sayes *Romeo*?
Or if his minde be writ, give me his Letter.
Joh. Going to finde a barefoot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in the City visiting the sicke,
And finding him; the Searchers of the towne,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did raigne,
Seal'd up the doores, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to *Romeo*?
John. I could not send it, here it is againe,
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune, by my brotherhood
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of deare import; and the neglecting it
May doe much danger. Frier *John* goe hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my Cell.

Exit.

John. Brother Ile goe and bring it thee.
Lau. Now must I to the Monument alone,
Within these three houres will faire *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,
And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore living coarse clos'd in a dead mans tombe.

Exit.

Enter Paris *and his Page.*

Par. Give me thy torch boy, hence, & stand aloofe,
Yet put it out, for I would not be seene:
Under yond young trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare close to the hollow ground,
So shall no foot upon the Churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirme, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt heare it: whistle then to me,
As signall that thou hearest something approach.
Give me those flowers, doe as I bid thee, goe.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the Churchyard, yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridall bed I strew:
O woe, thy Canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will new;
Or wanting that, with teares distill'd by mones,
The Obsequies that I for thee will keepe,

Nightly

Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.

Whistle Boy.

The Boy gives warning, something doth approach:
What curst foot wanders this way to night,
To crosse my obsequies and true loves right?
What with a torch? night muffle me a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazer *his man.*

Rom. Give me the mattocke and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my Lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life I charge thee
What ere thou hear'st or seest stand all aloofe,
And doe not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring that I must use
In deare employment: therefore hence, be gone.
But if thou jealous dost returne to pry
In what I farther shall intend to doe,
By heaven I will teare thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage wild,
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Than empty Tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship: take thou that,
Live and be prosperous, and farewell good fellow.
Bal. For all this same Ile hide me hereabout,
His lookes I feare, and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsell of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jawes to open,
And in despite Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that banisht haughty *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loves cousin; with which griefe
It is supposed the faire creature died;

And

And here is come to doe some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallowed toyle vile *Mountague*;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villaine I doe apprehend thee,
Obey and goe with me, for thou must dye.
Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither:
Good gentle youth tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me, thinke upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee youth,
Put not another sinne upon my head
By urging me to fury: O be gone,
By heaven I love thee better than my selfe,
For I come hither armed against my selfe:
Stay not, be gone, live, and hereafter say,
A mad mans mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiseration,
And apprehend thee for a Felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee Boy.
Page. O Lord they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am slaine: if thou be mercifull
Open the tombe, lay me with *Juliet*.
Rom. In faith I will: let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County *Paris*!
What said my man when my betossed soule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* should have married *Juliet*,
Said he not so? or did I dreame it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Juliet*,
To thinke it was so? O give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sowre misfortunes booke.
Ile bury thee in a triumphant grave:
A grave! O no, a Lanthorne slaughtred youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*, and her beautie makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interr'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Have they beene merry, which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Love, my Wife,
Death that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties ensigne yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheekes:
And deaths pale flag is not advanced there.
Tibalt, lyest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O what more favour can I doe to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me cousin. Ah deare *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet so faire? I will beleeve,
Shall I beleeve that unsubstantiall death is amorous?
And that the lean abhorred monster keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart againe: here, here will I remaine,
With wormes that are thy chambermaides: O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious starres
From this world-wearied flesh: eyes look your last,
Armes take your last embrace; and lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A datelesse bargaine to ingrossing death:
Come bitter conduct, come unsavourie guide,
Thou desperate Pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rockes thy sea-sicke weary barke:
Here's to my Love: O true Apothecary!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I dye.

Enter Frier, with Lanthorne, crow, and spade.

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my speed; how oft to night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Balt. Here's one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be upon you: Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe skulls: as I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy Sir, and there's my Maſter, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. *Romeo.*
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the vault.
Balt. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, Ile goe alone, feare comes upon me,
O much I feare ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balt. As I did ſleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.
Fri. *Romeo.*
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? ah what an unkinde houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Jul. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am: where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noiſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall ſleepe:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away,

Thy

Thy husband in thy boſome there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too: come, Ile diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſter-hood of holy Nunnes.
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming.
Come, goe good *Juliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.

Exit.

Jul. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath been his timeleſſe end:
O churle! drinke all, and leave no friendly drop
To helpe me after: I will kiſſe thy lips,
Haply ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?
Jul. Yea noiſe? then Ile be briefe. O happy dagger,
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt, and let me dye.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard:
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pitifull ſight! here lyes the County ſlaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead,
Who here hath laine theſe two daies buried.
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up, the *Mountagues*: ſome others ſearch;
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeo's *man.*

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Watch*, Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,

We

We tooke this Mattocke and this ſpade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard ſide.
Chiefe W. A great ſuſpicion, ſtay the Frier too.
Enter Prince.
Prin. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morningsreſt?
Enter Capulet *and his Wife.*
Ca. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreet cry *Romeo*,
Some *Juliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward our Monument.
Prin. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Watch. Soveraigne, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warme and new kill'd.
Prin. Search, ſeeke, and know how this foule murder comes.
Watch. Here is a Frier, and ſlaughtred *Romeo's* man,
With inſtruments upon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombes.
Cap. O heaven! O wife! looke how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'ne, for lo his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my daughters boſome.
Wi. O me, this ſight of death is as a Bell,
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Prin. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſonne and heire now early downe.
Moun. Alas my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Grieſe of my ſonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath;
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prin. Looke and thou ſhalt ſee.
Mou. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſſe before thy father to a grave?
Pri. Seale up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,

And then will I be Generall of your woes,
And lead you even to death: meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doe make againſt me, of this direfull murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excus'd.
Pri. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead was husband to that *Juliet*,
And ſhe there dead that *Romeo's* faithfull wife;
I married them, and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomeſday; whoſe untimely death
Baniſht the new made Bridegroome from this City,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of grieſe from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deviſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gave I her (ſo tuter'd by my Art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The forme of death: meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed grave,
Being the time the potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *John*,
Was ſtayed by accident, and yeſternight
Return'd my letter backe: then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking
Came I to take her from her kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.
But when I came some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth,
And beare this worke of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tombe,
And she too desperate would not goe with me,
But as it seemes did violence on her selfe.
All this I know, and to the marriage the Nurse is privie:
And if ought in this miscarried by my fault,
Let my old life be sacrific'd some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.
Pri. We still have knowne thee for a holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? what can he say to this?
Bal. I brought my Master newes of *Juliets* death,
And then in post he came from *Mantua*
To this same place, to this same monument:
This letter he earely bid me give his Father,
And threatned me with death going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.
Pri. Give me the letter, I will looke on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your Master in this place?
Boy. He came with flowers to strew his Ladies grave,
And bid me stand aloofe; and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tombe,
And by and by my Master drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the watch.
Pri. This letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poyson
Of a poore Pothecary, and therewithall
Came to this vault, to dye and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be these enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven findes meanes to kill your joyes with love;

And I for winking at your discords too
Have lost a brace of Kinsmen: all are punisht.
Cap. O brother *Mountague*, give me thy hand;
This is my daughters jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithfull *Juliet*.
Cap. As rich shall *Romeo's* by his Ladies lye:
Poore sacrifices of our enmity.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings:
The sun for sorrow will not shew his head.
Goe hence to have more talke of these sad things.
Some shall be pardoned, and some punished.
For never was a Storie of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*.

FINIS.

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